to the mountains, overlooking the small tract of cleared lands, and then the boundless woods of the Casony; and, at many miles distance, the gentle, woody eminence towards Raporina.

A fine river flows from the mountains, and waters the foot of the hill we live upon. The high road to St. Joseph crosses the little plain before us, between hedges of lime trees. The road uphill branches off in the middle of a lofty grove, the underwood of which is the cacao or chocolate tree. You then descend a pretty winding road, cross the water, and ascend a gentle eminence, on the flat top of which the village of St. Juan is marked out in squares, so disposed that each house—made of mud, covered over with cane leaves—has a square round it for offices and a garden.

The *padre*, or Spanish curate, inhabits a large house at the head of the green; and behind all are his church and churchyard. Beyond rise lofty peaks, covered with the thickest woods

A French family still occupies our ground floor, but when they are gone we shall be *magnifique*. But my stable is not yet built, so my

two
horses and mule *dorment a la belle etoile.*

The mornings and evenings here are exactly like those of the finest summer in England. The